

# CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," &c., AND BY ROBERT CHAMBERS,  
AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

No. 157.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1835.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In addressing our readers at the commencement of a new volume, we are rather complying with a custom which we appear to ourselves to have established, than acting under any immediate desire of communicating with the public. Our way is now so smooth—the success of our little miscellany is so completely ascertained—and so little ever occurs to disturb the happy relation which seems to subsist between it and its readers, that we might perhaps have intermitted this task for a year, without either disadvantage to ourselves, or disappointment to the public. The occasion, however, has occurred, and we have been tempted to seize it, if only for the purpose of conveying some assurance of the continued prosperity of our work, and, consequently, of inspiring in those who approve of its object, renewed hopes of the beneficial influence which so copious and so constant an effusion of moral literature may be expected to have upon society.

The success, then, of this Journal continues to be proved, not only by an undiminished, or rather, we may say, an increasing circulation, but by innumerable circumstances which, coming by chance under our notice, manifest to us the strong hold which it has taken of the public mind. It still penetrates into every remote nook of the country; still travels from hand to hand over pastoral wastes—the fiery cross of knowledge—conveying pictures of life, and snatches of science, and lessons of morality, where scarcely any such things were ever received before; still visits, and we would hope cheers, the labour-worn artizan, and animates to the struggle of the world the musing boy. As a single fact illustrative of its extensive reception among the working classes, we have been informed that, in a single cotton-work near Glasgow, no fewer than eighty-four copies are regularly purchased, notwithstanding that in such places a single copy of a newspaper or other periodical work generally serves a dozen readers. But it is not alone among the inferior orders of society that the Journal is circulated. We have been given to understand that it reaches the drawing-rooms of the most exalted persons in the country, and the libraries of the most learned; that, in the large towns, a vast proportion of the mercantile and professional persons of every rank and order are its regular purchasers; and that, in short, it pervades the whole of society. Let it not be imagined that we relate these circumstances in a spirit of personal boasting: unconscious as we are of having ever anticipated them, they surprise ourselves as much as they can surprise others, and, so far as we are not tempted to speak of them by a mere sense of wonder, we are prompted to do so by that disinterested feeling of philanthropic gratulation which they can hardly fail to excite in every generous bosom. Is it possible—we would say, and say in all humility—to over-estimate the social blessings that may be expected to flow from a work which is thus qualified to re-unite the sympathies of the most opposite and remote orders of the people—which can tell the great about the humble, and the humble about the great, and promote a spirit of natural human kindness amongst all—which serves, it may be said, as an universal instructor and monitor, chastening the proud, chastising the vicious, guiding the ignorant to correct views of society, and creating a diversion every where from harmful indulgences to those thoughts which advance all who cherish them in the scale of being?

While referring to this universality of circulation, it may be worth while to mention, that, to whatever causes the public may attribute it, we have all along seen reason to ascribe, at least its continuance, to a

circumstance in the highest degree creditable to the public itself. It is our habitual impression and conviction, from all we have ever learned of the details of our circulation, that a few delinquencies in the ethics of the Journal, or even a few transgressions of the bounds of good taste, not to speak of partizanship in politics, would instantly prove its ruin. We feel that we stand only by our devotion to what is good, and our hostility to what is bad, in ordinary conduct; and if no other consideration made us the friends of virtue, the commercial quality of prudence would come to our aid, and erase the peccant word, paragraph, or article. Many of our readers, while satisfied of the purity of our general intentions, may be ignorant of the pains which are necessary in order to preserve a quality of such importance. We can declare that numberless topics and expressions which the conductors of hardly any other periodical work would think objectionable, are avoided by us, and that we hardly ever receive a contribution from the most practised writers, which does not require purification before we deem it fit for insertion. Nor is it only in regard to matters of moral decency that we find it necessary to maintain a vigilant guard: we deem it only in a less degree essential to exclude every thing that tends to keep alive the recollection of the superstitions, savagery, and darker vices of the past—even the details of ordinary warfare, and the drolleries of ordinary bacchanalian fellowship, we regard as in some measure objectionable, as tending to foster only the lower propensities of our nature. In whatever degree, we are persuaded, a departure might be made from these rules, would the circulation of this work decline from the universality which it has attained, and in so far would it forfeit that reputation which, against every disadvantage of form and price, its right-forward good aims have procured for it. The public, indeed, have this matter entirely in their own hands, and we consider it impossible that our work should ever be less pure and innocuous than it now is, unless the community shall suddenly become thoroughly vicious, or the light of reason be withdrawn from ourselves. We think it the more necessary to make this avowal, as it serves to meet the arguments of those who, taking upon system every degrading view of their species, allege that the bulk of the people of even this enlightened land deliberately prefer an immoral and grovelling literature.

But it is not only by such negative qualities—it is not only by our continuing to think and write in the spirit which it is no more than our duty as individual citizens to cherish—that we are to expect this publication to be supported. Great efforts, we are sensible, must also be made to maintain that humble literary reputation which is also to be considered as an element in its success. In reference to this point, we can state with a reasonable expectation of being credited, that victory, so far as gained, has never lulled us for a moment into security or indifference. We have not only been induced, by the approbation which the public was pleased to bestow upon our trivial labours, to devote ourselves to them more and more unsparingly, but we have used the results of success in no niggard spirit in purchasing literary aid. While vigorously resolving to continue the exertions of every kind which have been already made, we must also confess that we look chiefly for the means of maintaining our ground, to our own improvement and progressive requirements. At the time when the Journal was commenced, our experience in literature was comparatively slight, and our studies had referred to a limited and in many respects useless range of knowledge. With the progress of the work, we conceive ourselves

to have acquired increased powers of both instruction and entertainment, with views, almost new to us, of the social relations of our race. Unskilled as we may yet be in many departments of knowledge, we find ourselves to be constantly advancing from less to greater things, and at the same time receiving a deeper and deeper sense of the importance of using these to the advantage of our fellow-creatures. We therefore venture a humble but earnest hope that this miscellany, through the improving faculties of both its writers and its readers, will be enabled to go on freshening and strengthening, and yet adopt higher purposes and reach more splendid triumphs than any yet contemplated.

All that remains for us to do, is to advert to the INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, which is now concluded in fifty sheets similar to the numbers of the Journal, each in general containing some particular department of knowledge, treated in a popular manner. Of this work, eighteen thousand copies at least have been issued of each successive number, and this success we deem in some measure even more agreeable than that of the more widely diffused Journal, as the advantage of a miscellaneous and entertaining character was here entirely wanting. When we mention that each of the sheets contains exactly the same quantity of literary matter as a number of the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, the public may conceive what an important addition has thus been made to the amount of reading produced by the moderately priced publications. The INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, in its new character as a volume, will be comparatively the cheapest work in existence that bears the character of a collection of treatises. At the price of an ordinary duodecimo, it presents a series of between forty and fifty volumes\*—for so they may be styled—each constructed with the utmost care, and with the advantage of the most recent discoveries, and all of them very immediately bearing upon the necessities and uses of the people.

*Note.*—Our efforts in the diffusion of cheap literature having been followed by the establishment of various similarly moderate-priced publications, it may perhaps have been anticipated that the circulation of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL would therefore have been in some degree lessened; we are happy to say that this has not been in any respect the case, the world being seemingly wide enough for the exertions of all. From the period of a few months after the commencement of the Journal, when the work had become generally known, till the present time, the circulation has continued to be remarkably uniform; the sale of each number, within a short period after its publication,

\* The subjects of the INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE may be enumerated in the following systematic arrangement:—Astronomy—Physical and Political Geography—Geology—Botany—History of Mankind—Account of the Human Body—Natural Theology—Moral Philosophy—Duties of Life—History and Present State of Education—Manufactures and Commerce of the World—Political Economy—Natural Philosophy—Mechanics—Electricity and Galvanism—Hydrostatics and Hydraulics—Pneumatics, Acoustics, and Aeronautics—Optics—Architecture—Chemistry—Chemistry applied to the Arts—Printing—The Steam-Engine—Domestic Economy and Cookery—Preservation of Health—History of the British Empire—Resources of the British Empire—General Account of the United States of America—Palestine—China—The East Indies—The West Indies—South America—Egypt—The Cotton, Woolen, Silk, and Linen Manufactures—History of the French Revolution—History of the American Revolution—Life of Benjamin Franklin—Emigration to Canada, the United States, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Van Diemen's Land, and New South Wales—The Dog—The Horse.

being 50,000, while the subsequent or after demand, as we have found, has been to the extent of not less than 5000 additional, making a total average-circulation of 55,000 copies. Latterly, the demand for sets of the work from the commencement has been very considerable, particularly from some of the British colonies, to which not fewer than two hundred thousand numbers have been sent during the last twelve months. It is likewise gratifying for us to learn that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is now regularly reprinted in New York; though this forms a branch of circulation over which we of course can exercise no control. It was formerly stated that the quantity of paper used for these sheets annually, amounted to 5416 reams; upon a calculation now made, we find that during the last three years we have consumed, reckoning the English and Scotch editions of our works, fully 20,000 reams, or, the astonishing number of nine million six hundred thousand sheets, which, by the heavy duty of 3d. per pound weight on the paper, have yielded a clear revenue to government of £6000.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE. TIME MEASURERS.

In ancient times there were neither clocks nor watches by which time might be measured. The only instrument in use calculated to be of service in this respect was the sun-dial, which appears to have been known in very early times. It was most likely invented by the Egyptians, from whom its use spread among the Chaldeans and Jews, or Hebrews; it being mentioned in the Old Testament, in the book of Isaiah, chapter xxxviii. verse 8, "Behold I will bring again the shadow of the degrees, whereby it is gone down in the dial of Ahaz by the sun," and so forth, by which we may learn that the sun-dial was the instrument in use for measuring time at that remote period.

The Greeks became acquainted with the sun-dial from the Jews, and from the Greeks it was derived by the Romans, who were the means of introducing it into the western nations of Europe. The Romans came to a knowledge of the use of dials in a remarkable way. In one of their warlike excursions, they saw one, and carried it off as a part of their spoil, and placed it in the forum of Rome; but it being constructed for a place four degrees different, they found that it could not indicate the true time—a circumstance they had not anticipated, as in these times little or nothing was known of degrees of latitude or longitude. It is probable that they soon rectified the dial to the situation of Rome. Before they thus became acquainted with sun-dials, they measured time by means of a thing called a *clepsydra*—a word signifying in Greek, *I steal water*, the time being reckoned by the dropping of water; and it was the duty of a slave to attend and make a sound at the recurrence of every certain number of drops. Clepsydre were long used in both Greek and Roman courts and assemblies, and, like our sand-glasses, they determined the time which members were permitted to speak.

As sun-dials were available only while the sun shone, the invention of some kind of instrument which could measure time both during darkness and sunshine, became a matter of anxious research to many reflective persons; but this appears to have been a matter of extraordinary difficulty. Sun-dials for the day, and clepsydre for the night or cloudy weather, were in use for many centuries after the destruction of the Roman empire and the establishment of Christianity. It is related in an ancient chronicle that Charlemagus, king of France, received a present of a clock from the caliph Haroun Alraschid in the year 809, but on the best investigations it is found that this was only a species of clepsydre, and not a clock with wheels and other mechanism. According to the best authenticated accounts, it appears that we are indebted to the monks of the middle ages for the invention of clocks or time-keepers. These men, who formed the only learned classes of their time, enjoyed considerable seclusion, free from the necessity of providing for their support; and when not engaged in devotional exercises, they often practised various arts now entirely committed to the hands of the artisan and tradesman. At what precise period clocks were first made by the monks, is not known; but it is ascertained from old chronicles, that such instruments, put in motion by wheels, were made use of in the monasteries in the twelfth century, and that they announced the termination of every hour by strokes on a bell. The hand for marking the time is likewise mentioned in these old records. In the thirteenth century, there is mention made of a clock, given by sultan Saladin to the emperor Frederic II., and which was put in motion by wheels. It not only marked the hours, but also the course of the sun, of the moon, the planets, in the zodiac. Some have concluded that the Saracens must have learned the art of clock-making from the recluses in Eastern monasteries; but they may have acquired their knowledge from the ex-

ercise of genius among themselves; in the present day, this is a question which it is impossible to settle satisfactorily.

In the fourteenth century, traces of clockwork become more common. Dante, the Italian poet, particularly mentions clocks. Richard, abbot of St Albans in England, made a clock, in 1326, such as had never been heard of till then. It not only indicated the course of the sun and moon, but also the ebb and flow of the tide. Large clocks on steeples, likewise, were first made use of in the fourteenth century. It is thought that one Jacob Dondi, in Padua, was the first who made one of this kind; at least his family was called after him *dell'Orologio*. A German, Henry de Wyck, was celebrated in the same century for a large clock which he placed in a tower built by the command of Charles V. king of France. This clock was preserved till 1737. Watches are a much later invention, although it has been alleged that they were known in the fourteenth century. The more general belief is, that they were contrived in 1510 by a person named Peter Hele. Reckoning back from the present era, it may reasonably be concluded that clocks were invented about seven hundred, and watches from three to four hundred years ago, which is a very moderate antiquity.

The earliest made clocks wanted many of the contrivances which now distinguish these valuable instruments. The first great improvement was the addition of the pendulum, which was invented by Huygens in 1656, and which is of use in regulating the motion of the wheelwork. The doctrine of the pendulum, which belongs to dynamics, or the science of bodies in motion, is one of great importance. A pendulum once put in motion would never cease to oscillate, or swing, were it not for the friction at the point of suspension, and the resistance of the air. Neither of these circumstances can ever be avoided entirely, and have to be provided against by certain arrangements. The times of the vibrations of the pendulum chiefly depend on three circumstances—the angle by which the heavy body of the pendulum is removed from the vertical line; second, the length of the pendulum; and, third, the accelerating power of gravity. The principal thing to be attended to is the length. A short pendulum oscillates quickly, a long pendulum more slowly. But the clockmaker in arranging the length must keep in view the situation on the earth's surface where the clock is to be placed; for the pendulum which will suit at one degree of latitude will not answer at another. The reason for this is, that the power of gravity, that is, the unseen power which attracts all things to the earth's surface, acts more strongly at one part than another, from the peculiar shape of the globe, and this power affects the oscillations of the pendulum in such a manner that the pendulum of a clock must be made somewhat shorter at the equator than towards the poles. The oscillations of the pendulum have hence served as data whereupon to draw conclusions regarding the power of gravity in different parts of the world. The honour of being the inventor of the balance-spring in watches was contested by Huygens and the English philosopher Hooke. In order to prevent friction, Fatio, a Genevan, invented the method of boring holes in diamonds or rubies for the pivots to revolve in, which was found a great improvement. Thus chronometers had their origin, in which the English have attained great perfection. This nation also invented repeaters. An individual of the name of Barlow first made one, in 1676, for Charles II.; and Graham was the inventor of the compensation-pendulum in 1715. This was perfected by Harrison, who formed the pendulum of nine round rods, five of which were of iron and four of brass. With these pendulums the astronomical clocks are still provided, and perfect dependence may be placed in the regularity of their action.

Amongst the important inventions of the 18th century, the astronomical clocks of the clergyman Hahn, in Echterdingen, Wurtemburg, deserve to be particularly named. He formed the idea of measuring time in its whole extent. The principal hand in his instrument is that of universal history. This turns on a table, and indicates the principal epochs of history, according to the chronology of the Old Testament, and the great events of future times, according to the calculations of Bengal, founded on the Apocalypse. Its revolution embraces a period of nearly eight thousand years. Another hand on this table marks the year of the century, and makes its circuit in one hundred years. Still more remarkable is the representation of the motions of the planets known at the time of the inventor, and of the systems of Ptolemy and Copernicus. They and their satellites perform their revolutions in exactly the same time as they actually do in the heavens; and these automata not only have the central motion, but their course is also eccentric and elliptic, like that of the heavenly orbs, and the motion is sometimes slower, sometimes quicker, and even retrograde. This instrument must have been the fruit of deep knowledge, indefatigable research, and the calculations of years. It is much to be regretted that the limited means of the artist prevented his machine from being better finished, and that he was not acquainted with clock-making in its present advanced state, and with the excellent instruments which have been invented since his time.

The country where watches are manufactured in the greatest numbers is French Switzerland, particularly at Geneva, La-Chaux-de-Fonds, Locle, &c.,

where they are made by thousands. Among French watchmakers, Berthoud, Breguet, Chevalier, Courvoisier, Freud'homme, and others, are distinguished. England and France have been active in perfecting the art of horology. The elegant Parisian pendulum clocks are well known, in which the art of the sculptor is combined with that of the mechanist. Elegance, however, is their principal recommendation. It is much to be regretted that the present watches, even the finest, have not the finish which gave such great durability to those of former times. This is particularly the case with French watches. We speak now of the better sort of watches; the ordinary ones are hardly worth the trifling sum which they cost. The English watches are generally much more substantial and accurate in their workmanship than those of France or Geneva; but it must be allowed that a great depreciation is taking place in this department of our manufactures. Perfect accuracy in going, is now a rare quality in a new made watch, unless it be of the most expensive kind. The most accurate of all time-measurers are chronometers, which are of a peculiar construction, and are much employed by navigators in determining the longitude at sea. In general, chronometers are much larger than common watches, and are hung in gimbals, in boxes six or eight inches square; but there are also many pocket chronometers which, externally, have all the appearance of the better sort of pocket watches, and internally differ from these only in the construction of the balance. The balance and hair-spring are the principal agents in regulating the rate of going in a common watch, being to this what the pendulum is to a common clock; and this spring in the former, like the pendulum in the latter, is subject to expansions and contractions under different degrees of heat and cold, which of course affect the speed or rate of the machine; and the methods of correcting this inaccuracy mark the difference between the watch and chronometer. These are very numerous. With British and American navigators, chronometers are more common than with those of any other nation.

Wooden clocks are made chiefly in the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest, in South Germany, and furnish an important object of manufacture for this mountainous and barren country. It is said that 70,000 of such clocks are made there annually; and great numbers are sent to North and South America, and all over Europe.

#### THE USES OF ADVERSITY, A STORY.\*

AT the age of twenty-one, the young, gay, and voluptuous Earl of Glenthorn succeeded to the vast possessions of his family; an event to which he had anxiously looked forward during the, to him, tedious years of minority. But this consummation of his hopes and prospects did not relieve the young nobleman from that dreadful malady to which those are subject, and to which he was already a prey, who are in possession of all that there is to desire on earth, who have nothing to employ them, and nothing to fear or to hope; where every wish has only to be expressed to be gratified, and where every command has only to be issued to be obeyed. This malady, for which we have no English name, is entitled by the French *ennui*—a term now naturalised amongst us.

While yet a boy, the earl, who was indulged by a cunning and dishonest guardian in every desire, however wayward or foolish, which his imagination could suggest, and which wealth could gratify, was rendered miserable by this oppressive vacuity of mind and aimless life. The bustle and excitement consequent on his accession to the entire control of his large possessions, subdued for a time that feeling of apathy and listlessness which in the midst of every luxury and enjoyment was rendering his life miserable. It was, however, but for a time that it had this effect. No sooner had the novelty of his situation worn off, than the demon of ennui seized again upon the unhappy earl, and rendered him more wretched than ever. In vain he had recourse to all the usual expedients with which fashion and folly endeavour to relieve themselves of the burden of time. He associated himself with debauchees, and in their society indulged himself in every species of excess. He mingled with boxers and horse-racers, and finally took to gambling, at which, immensely wealthy as he was, he soon lost such sums as, together with the robberies of his stewards and servants, whose doings he was too indolent to check, and too easy tempered to punish, greatly embarrassed him, and compelled him to look out for such a matrimonial alliance as should relieve him from his difficulties. In this he succeeded. He married a lady of large fortune; but as money had been the object of the one, and a title that of the other, neither added to their happiness by the connection, which was finally dissolved by the almost inevitable result of such ill-assorted matches. Lady Glenthorn, shortly after their marriage, eloped with a Captain Crawley, a sort of fac-totum of the earl's—one of those hangers-on who

\* This story has been condensed from one of Miss Edgeworth's best tales depicting fashionable life, entitled "Ennui." Our object in giving it in this form and place is to point out the wretched results of idleness, and the value of compulsory industry in improving the mind.

are often to be found about the houses of the great. These events as they occurred roused the unfortunate earl from that oppressive state of satiety which was the bane of his life; but he as uniformly sunk into the enervating malady when the excitation which they naturally caused had subsided.

Fairly tired at length not only of the reckless course he was pursuing, and of his associates in debauchery, but of England itself, the earl resolved on paying a visit to the Irish estate from which he took his title, namely, Glenthorn, in the hope that the novelty of the scene would afford him some relief from the ennui that oppressed him; and with this view he immediately set out for Ireland, having previously broken up his magnificent establishment at Sherwood Park, one of the family seats in England where he had hitherto resided.

On reaching the castle of Glenthorn, for the first time since he had left it in childhood, the most enthusiastic of the individuals who appeared to welcome him to the ancient halls of his fathers, was his foster-mother Ellinor, a poor but decent woman who lived on the estate, and to whose charge his father had confided the young earl when an infant, with the view, as he said, of bringing him up hardly; and to ensure the greater success in this object, the child was lodged and suckled in the cabin of his foster-mother, with whom he remained until he was two years of age, when he was carried to England. This affectionate creature, on seeing the earl, pushed her way through the crowd of tenants and others who had assembled to welcome his return, and having approached him, exclaimed in ecstasy, "Tis himself;" then turning round suddenly to the crowd behind her, "I've seen him," she said, "I've seen him in his own castle; and if it pleases God this minute to take me to himself, I would die with pleasure."

"My good Ellinor," said the earl, touched by her affection, "I hope you will live many a happy year; and if I can contribute ——"

"And himself to speak to me so kind before them all!" interrupted Ellinor. "Oh! this is too much—quite too much!" She burst into tears, and hiding her face with her arm, made her way out of the hall. The earl, who was really a generous and noble-minded man, notwithstanding the dissipated life he had led, and the apparent supineness of his character—both more the result of circumstances than of natural disposition—now busied himself in improving the condition of his tenantry, and in the discharge generally of the duties of a kind and considerate landlord, on whom the comfort and happiness of some hundreds of persons depended; for his possessions were of great extent. And in the performance of these praise-worthy duties, the earl soon began to take an interest that effectually relieved him from his old complaint, ennui, and restored him to himself.

In dispensing his bounty, which he did with a liberal hand, the earl did not forget his affectionate foster-mother Ellinor. He provided her with a neat cottage, and supplied her with every thing that could contribute to her ease and comfort. But there was nothing that the kind-hearted creature prized so much in her new circumstances as the privilege she enjoyed of lighting "his honour's" fire in the mornings, a duty she insisted on discharging, and which, when the earl had asked her on his first arrival what he could do for her, she, in the simplicity of her heart, had named as the most gratifying favour he could confer upon her.

One morning, a considerable time after the earl's arrival at Glenthorn, Ellinor entered his apartment as if for the purpose of kindling a fire as usual, but at a much earlier hour than she was wont to appear. The earl, surprised at this circumstance, turning round in bed, exclaimed, "Ellinor, is it you at this time in the morning?"

"Hush! hush!" said she, shutting the door with great precaution; and then coming on tiptoe close to the earl's bedside, "for the love of God, speak softly, and make no stir to awake them that's asleep near you." Ellinor, whose looks were full of terror and alarm, after searching the apartment to see that no third party was concealed in it, proceeded to inform the earl that a plot had been formed amongst a party of rebels—the country being at that period surcharged with the spirit of revolt—to waylay him on that very night as he took his usual walk on the seashore, and to compel him to be their captain, or, in case of his refusal, to put him to death. All this she said she had learnt from her son Christy, a young man who followed the business of a blacksmith, and who was much employed about the castle. Christy had discovered the secret by concealing himself for an entire night in a cave where the rebels were in the habit of meeting to discuss their designs, and had lost no time in procuring the intelligence to be conveyed to the earl, to whom he was much attached, as well by reason of kindnesses shown to himself, as for his lordship's generosity to his mother.

"You were a very bold fellow, Christy," said the earl to him, at an interview to which he was subsequently summoned, "to hazard yourself in the cave with these villains; if you had been found out in your hiding-place, they would have certainly murdered you."

"True for me," said Christy; "but a man must die some way, please your honour; and where's the way I would die better? It would have been bad indeed, if I would stay quiet, and let 'em murder you after

all. No, no—Christy O'Donoghoe would not do that, any way."

On receiving intelligence of the designs entertained upon him, the earl instantly sent for his factor Mr M'Leod, a man of great shrewdness, good sense, and integrity, and they together arranged a plan of proceedings to defeat the intentions of the rebels. This plan was to procure a party of disguised yeomen, secretly, and to surprise the conspirators in the cave in the midst of their deliberations. Through the judicious management of all its minor details, which were necessarily numerous and complicated, the enterprise was successful. On that very evening, every one of the rebel party were taken prisoners, and having been previously disarmed, were again thrust into the cave, where, under a strong guard, it was resolved to confine them until they should be marched on the following day to the county jail.

On the morning after the occurrence of the event just related, Ellinor entered the earl's apartment just as he was about to descend to breakfast, in a state of great perturbation. "What new wonders? what new misfortunes now, Ellinor?" he exclaimed, on perceiving the consternation that was depicted on her countenance.

"Oh! the worst that could befall me!" said she, wringing her hands; "the worst, the very worst!—to be the death of my own child!" She said with inexpressible horror, "Oh! save him! save him! for the love of heaven, dear, save him! If you don't save him, 'tis I shall be his death." She was in such agony, that she could not explain herself further for some minutes.

"It was I gave the information against them all to you. But how could I ever have thought Owen was one of them? My son, my own son, the unfortunate cratur!" Ellinor then proceeded to state in more explicit terms that her son had been seen amongst the prisoners by one of the military, who had informed her of the circumstance. She then went on imploring the earl to procure the release of the young man. "And this ye can't refuse," she said, "to your old nurse, that carried ye in her arms, and fed ye with her milk, and watch'd over ye many's the long night."

"I am sensible of it, I am grateful," interrupted the earl; "but what you ask of me, Ellinor, is impossible. I cannot let him escape; but I will do my utmost. If I let him off just now, I should lose my honour—I should lose my character. You know that I have been accused of favouring the rebels already. It is impossible, therefore, my good Ellinor," added the earl; "urge me no further; ask any thing else, and it shall be granted, but this is impossible."

"Then," replied Ellinor, with the energy of despair, "your mother has knelt at your feet, and you have denied her prayer."

"My mother!" exclaimed the earl in amazement; "and what was her prayer?" "To save the life of your brother."

"My brother! what do I hear! It is impossible!"

"You hear the truth: you hear that I am your lawful mother. Yes, you are my son. You have forced the secret from me which I thought to have carried with me to the grave. And now you know all; and now you know how wicked I have been; and it was all for you—for you that refused me the only thing I ever asked. And it is fit that I should tell you that Christy, poor Christy, who is now slaving at the forge; he that lives, and has lived all his days on potatoes and salt, and is content; he who has the face and the hands so disguised with the smoke and the black, is the true and real Lord Glenthorn; and I shall call upon you to give back to him all that by right is his own."

Having said this, Ellinor departed, but in a short time again returned, and meeting the earl on the great staircase, exclaimed, "It's a mistake! it's all a mistake! Sure Ody's not there at all, nor ever was in it. I've seen them all face to face, and my son's not one of them, nor ever was; and I beg your pardon entirely," she whispered, coming close to the earl's ear. "Forgive all I said in my passion, and I'll never say a word more about it to any one living: the secret shall die with me."

Ellinor was here interrupted by the earl's being called to preside at the preconization of the prisoners, which was about to take place previously to their being conveyed to jail; but this over, he lost no time in seeking another interview with Ellinor, to learn from her all the particulars regarding the extraordinary communication she had made. At this interview she detailed at full length all the contrivances and expedients by which she had succeeded in palming upon the Earl of Glenthorn her own son for that of the rightful heir of his name and possessions. Having subsequently assured himself of the truth of Ellinor's statements, by irrefragable evidence, which he cautiously and secretly sought out, the earl came to the noble resolution of instantly surrendering every thing to him to whom they rightfully belonged, and with this view he sent for Christy O'Donoghoe, the blacksmith.

"The smith is below in the hall, my lord," said a servant, announcing the arrival of Christy.

"Show him up." He was shown up into the antechamber.

"The smith is at the door, my lord."

"Show him in, cannot you? What detains him?"

"My brogues, my lord! I'd be afraid to come in with 'em on the carpet." Saying this, Christy came

in, stepping fearfully, astonished to find himself in a splendid drawing-room.

"Were you never in this room before, Christy?" said the earl.

"Never, my lord, please your honour, barring the day I mended the bolt."

"It is a fine room, is it not, Christy?"

"Troth it is, the finest ever I see, sure enough."

"How should you like to have such a room of your own, Christy; and how should you feel if you were master of this great castle?"

"It's a poor figure I should make, to be sure; I'd rather be at the forge by a great date. But sure, my lord," continued Christy, changing his voice to a more serious tone, "the horse that I shod for your honour yesterday did not go lame, did he?—because I was thinking, maybe, it was that made your honour send for me up in the hurry."

"The horse is very well shod, I believe," replied the earl; "but to return to what I was saying. Should you not like to change places with me if you could?"

"In your honour's place!—I—I would not, my lord; and that's the truth now," said Christy decidedly. "I would not—no offence; your honour bade me to speak the truth. I always thought and knew I was but as I am; not but what, if I was to change with any, it is with you, my lord, I would be proud to change; because if I was to be a gentleman at all, I'd wish to be of a *ra-al* good *ould* family born."

"You are then what you wish to be," said the earl.

"Och," said Christy laughing, and scratching his head, "your honour's jesting me about them kings of Ireland, that they say the O'Donoghoes was once: but that's what I never think on."

"But you do not understand me," interrupted the earl; "I am not going back to the kings of Ireland; I mean to tell you that you were born a gentleman—nay, I am perfectly serious; listen to me."

"I do, please your honour, though it is mocking me I know you are; I would be sorry not to take a joke as well as another."

"This is no joke, I repeat," said the earl, and he went on to explain to the amazed blacksmith the whole circumstances of the extraordinary case, in which he was so deeply interested.

"Well, I will tell you what you will do, then," said Christy, after something like conviction had been hammered into him; "say nothing to nobody, but just keep ay on, even as we are, in the name of God, and no more about it: and none need never be the wiser; 'tis so best for us all. A good day to your honour, and I'll go shoo the mare."

To this, however, the earl, who had made up his mind to the noble sacrifice he meditated, would by no means consent. He therefore insisted on Christy's taking a month to consider of it, and at the end of that period to wait upon him with his final determination. At the time appointed, Christy again presented himself before the earl. "Well, Christy," said the latter, "you will be Earl of Glenthorn, I perceive. You are glad now that I did not take you at your word, and that I gave you a month's consideration."

"Your honour was always considerate; but if I'd wish now to be changing my mind," said he, hesitatingly, and shifting from leg to leg, "it is not upon my own account, any way, but upon my son Johnny's."

"My good friend," said the earl, "no apology is necessary. I should be very unjust if I were offended by your decision, and very mean if, after the declarations I have made, I could for an instant hesitate to restore to you that property which it is your right and your choice to reclaim."

The first concern of honest Christy was to provide suitably for his foster-brother after he should have yielded up the title and possessions of Glenthorn; but all that the latter would accept, though pressingly requested by his intended successor "just to put down on a bit of paper what he'd wish to keep," was £300 per annum for himself, added to the following stipulation, namely, that the annuity which he had generously settled on Lady Glenthorn on obtaining a divorce from her, should be continued; that the house he had built for Ellinor, and the land belonging to it, should be secured to her rent-free for life; and that all his debts should be paid. Having made this arrangement, to the great vexation of Christy, who earnestly begged that he would at least make the hundred thousands, and accept of Sherwood Park as a residence, the earl in due legal form made a survey of all claim upon the hereditary property of Glenthorn, and immediately afterwards proceeded to Dublin, with the view of following out a resolution which he had already adopted. That resolution was to betake himself to the study of the law, in order to fit him for its exercise as a profession, and as a means of subsistence. On arriving at Dublin, he who had lived all his life in palaces, surrounded with every luxury which wealth can command, took up his abode in the humble lodgings of a poor widow to whom he had been recommended, and here soon found himself involved in all the mean and petty cares associated with narrow circumstances.

For a short time this extraordinary change in his condition, and the striking contrast which it presented to his former splendour, reduced Mr Donoghoe—for he had now assumed his original name—to a state of despondency; but it was only for a short time that it had this effect. There was an energy in his character, a strength of mind of which he himself had not been pre-

viously aware, and which adversity now brought into full play. He rose superior to circumstances, and determined, in place of permitting himself to fall a victim to them, to become their conqueror, by industry and perseverance, in acquiring a knowledge of the profession by which he meant to earn his future livelihood.

In accordance with this noble resolution, he immediately commenced an arduous course of reading, to which he not only devoted the day, but also a large portion of the night, and was soon rewarded for his industry by a feeling of satisfaction with his own conduct, and by an accession of happiness, arising from an active and honourable employment, to which he had been an entire stranger whilst Earl of Glenthorn. He who had before felt every exertion of mind, however slight, an intolerable punishment, now delighted in exercising the thinking and reasoning faculties with which nature had endowed him. The power of motive, too, lightened his labour, and effectually relieved him from that ennui which had embittered his previous life, and rendered all his possessions valueless.

On completing his terms in Ireland, Mr Donoghoe removed to London to finish his legal education in the Temple; and here he perseveringly followed out the rigid course of study which he had so manfully entered on in Dublin, and the result was commensurate with the means employed to attain it. He acquired a complete theoretical knowledge of his profession, which, added to his natural talents, and these were of a very high order, left no doubt of his future success.

When he had finished his terms at the Temple, Mr Donoghoe returned to Dublin, and commenced his career as a practising lawyer. On his first circuit his earnings amounted only to two guineas; but small as this sum was, he received it with delight, as an earnest of better things to come; for amongst other useful lessons which experience had now taught him, was the important one that pleasure to be enjoyed must be earned. For some time Mr Donoghoe's gains were trifling; but during this time, though winning little money, he was fast gaining a reputation as a sound and able lawyer; and an opportunity at length presented itself, which enabled him to break down the very slender barrier that now interposed between him and an extensive practice.

A counsel who had been employed in an important case was suddenly taken ill, and Mr Donoghoe, who was known to have studied the question closely, was called upon by the judge, with the consent of the attorneys and other counsel, to supply his place. Mr Donoghoe accepted the invitation, and spoke with an eloquence and ability that excited the highest admiration of the court. When he had concluded, a buzz of thanks and applause rose around him. The cause was gained, and from that moment he was looked upon as one of the most promising lawyers at the Irish bar. He had therefore now, by the mere force of his own talents, combined with an extraordinary degree of perseverance and resolution, and by the exercise of his natural faculties, fairly surmounted all the difficulties and disadvantages of his singular position. He had been thrown on his own resources, and these he had found sufficient, unaided by either wealth or rank, to conduct him to both riches and honours, while he had the additional happiness of thinking that the acquisition of these would be the work of his own hands—the proudest and most gratifying of all reflections.

Amongst the influential friends whom Mr Donoghoe was in the habit of visiting at this period, was Lord Y.—a nobleman possessed of every good quality which can adorn human nature, and who took the warmest interest in the fortunes of Mr Donoghoe. Here the latter was introduced to a Miss Delamere, a young lady of amiable disposition, of great good sense and beauty, and who was, by a singular coincidence, in so far as regarded their meeting, heir-at-law to the Glenthorn estate. An intimacy followed the introduction, which soon afterwards ended in the marriage of the parties.

In the meantime, Glenthorn castle was one continued scene of riot and vulgar dissipation. Poor Christy, as we shall still call him, the best natured and most generous fellow in the world, had not sufficient prudence or strength of mind to conduct his own family; his wife filled the castle with tribes of her vagabond relations, and was himself carried every night to bed in a state of helpless intoxication; and to add to poor Christy's unhappiness, his son "Johnny," for whose sake he had submitted to the misfortune of becoming an earl, had, while in drink, set fire to the curtains of his bed, and perished in the flames which ultimately consumed the whole castle. Unable longer to bear with the misery of his situation, Christy wrote to Mr Donoghoe, who had now assumed the name of Delamere as more euphonious, to inform him of what had happened. This letter, which was throughout highly characteristic of the writer, thus concluded—"I write this to beg you, being married, of which I give you joy, to Miss Delamere, that is the *harrat*-at-law, will take possession of all immediately, for I am as good as dead, and will give no hindrance. I will go back to my forge, and, by the help of God, forget at my work what has passed; and as to my wife, she may go to her own kith and kin, if she will not abide by me. I shall not trouble her long; may the blessing of God attend you, and come to reign over us again, when you will find me, as heretofore, your loyal foster-brother,

CHRISTY DONOGHOE."

"Glenthorn castle is now rebuilding," adds Mr Delamere to the memoir which he all but concludes with the letter above quoted, "and when it is finished, and when I return thither, I will, if it should be desired by the public, give a faithful account of my feelings. I flatter myself that I shall not relapse into indolence; my understanding has been cultivated; I have acquired a taste for literature; and the example of Lord Y.—convinces me that a man may at once be rich and noble, and active and happy."

He had therefore now, by the mere force of his own talents, combined with extraordinary industry and perseverance, and by the exercise of his natural faculties, fairly surmounted all the difficulties and disadvantages of his

singular position. He had been thrown on his own resources, and these he had found sufficient, unaided by either wealth or rank, to conduct him to both riches and honours, and that by the proudest and most gratifying course.

#### DISSECTION OF A CLASSIC POEM.

**A**XIN to the well-known good fortune of having had a father born before one, is the advantage of having been an author a few hundred years ago. It was then much easier to obtain a respectable literary reputation; and, moreover, living at a time when authors were few, he who did succeed made such an impression on his age, was so much spoken of in all kinds of contemporary records, that, even though his works might cease to be read, his name could never afterwards be obliterated. It is thus that many names are as familiar in our ears as household words, and are handed down by us with traditional veneration to our children, while the writings of the individuals who bore them remain entombed in libraries, and the active influence of their intellects has long since ceased. But there are some more provoking cases than this. We have old authors, whose writings are greatly inferior to those of the present day, and indeed neither possess any claim upon our sympathies nor are qualified to instruct us, forced by prescriptive usage into general use, especially among the young, who, it may be observed, are wilfully surrounded by their elders with all kinds of obsolete absurdities, and receive the parting blessing of every expiring prejudice—as if the human mind were fated to encounter all its worst difficulties when it was least able to struggle with them. Meditating lately on this point, it occurred to us that a good end might be served by a rigid inquiry into the actual merits of some of those ancients, who so overshadow and bear down "us youth;" and as it happened that we were a good deal troubled at one time with Virgil, and still bear a peculiar kind of grudge against him, we resolved that upon him, and particularly upon his celebrated heroic poem, should our vengeance fall. Of course it is not in our power to criticise in this place the diction of the *Aeneid*; but we shall do our best to give our unlettered readers a notion of what constitutes the action of the poem, which no one will deny to be an equally important matter, and one with which the reason of the reader has much more to do.

In the first place, there is not one word of truth, and hardly any trace of even natural probability, in the narrative of the *Aeneid*. The object of the poem was to give the most agreeable shape to the self-flattering fables which the Romans cherished respecting their origin as a nation; as if some poet of the present day were to attempt to compose a volume of fine heroics out of those exploded chronicles which trace the British to the Roman Brutus, and represent the Scottish monarchy as founded in the time of Alexander the Great. No existing author could now make such an attempt, because the people know those chronicles to be false, and would not care for the subject-matter of them although they were true; but the Romans in the days of Virgil were ignorant enough to feel pride by a lying account of their origin, and, strange to say, we, though capable of despising such nonsense in reference to ourselves, are still prostrate in veneration of the nonsense of the Romans. The poem opens with a profession on the part of the poet to sing the adventures of the hero *Aeneas*, in the course of his voyage from Troy, after its destruction by the Greeks, to the shores of Italy, where he was destined to form those settlements from which the Romans derived their origin. Fictitious as this person and all his adventures were, they might have perhaps formed the material of a poem which should please the imagination, and even improve the moral faculties of the reader. But fiction, to be in any case tolerable, must have probability—which the *Aeneid* has not. At the very beginning, a fabulous deity called Juno, represented as the queen of heaven, and as a personage of very savage and revengeful temper, comes forward as the direcress of the whole series of events. Being anxious to patronise a new African settlement called Carthage, and learning that this was decreed to be eventually overthrown by a race derived from Troy—remembering, moreover, that the Trojan Paris had insulted her by preferring the beauty of Venus to her own—Juno repairs to Eolus, the god of the winds, whom she requests to raise such a tempest in the Mediterranean as will be sure to destroy the fleet of *Aeneas*; for which service she promises him one of her maids of honour as a wife. The deity immediately hurls a lance at the cave in which he keeps his winds, and lets them forth through the rent, so that in a very short while a dreadful tempest arises, by which one ship is sunk and the rest dispersed. Neptune, however, the god of the sea, hears in his residence at the bottom the uproar that is going on above, and, indignant at an unauthorised storm, scolds the winds and smooths the ocean, and is even so kind as to send a few Tritons to push the vessels off the sandbanks on which they

had stuck. The Trojans then get ashore on the coast of Lybia, but in a very distressed condition.

Venus, the goddess of beauty, who is represented as the mother of *Aeneas*, now comes in tears before her father Jupiter, and complains of the mischief which his spouse was working against her son; in counteraction, too, she alleged, of a heavenly decree formerly issued in favour of *Aeneas*. Jupiter consoles his fair daughter, and sends his messenger Mercury to procure a favourable reception for *Aeneas* at the court of Carthage. Venus then puts on the disguise of a huntress, and throws herself in the way of her son, as he wanders with his friend Achates on the Lybian coast. She represents herself as a member of the Carthaginian community, recently planted in the neighbourhood by Dido, a Tyrian princess, who had fled from her native city in consequence of the murder of her husband by her brother Pygmalion. To this princess she desires him to go with his companion, and, to prevent all obstruction by the way, envelopes them in a cloud impervious to mortal eyes. At the same time, and by the same supernatural direction, his Trojans approach the town, where all are welcomed with the greatest hospitality by Queen Dido. In sober historic truth, Dido (or rather Elissa, which was her real name) lived three hundred years after the presumed era of the fabulous *Aeneas*, and, what may be new to some of our readers, stood in the relation of aunt to Jezebel of scripture; but an anachronism like this, though it could not be tolerated in modern fiction, forms but a trifling objection where supernatural agency is called upon to develop almost every event. The Carthaginian queen gives the Trojans a grand feast, during which she fondles Ascanius, the son of *Aeneas*, in her lap. Venus, however, who foresaw this little occurrence, had taken care to substitute for Ascanius, her emissary Cupid, the god of love, who takes the opportunity to inspire the queen with an ardent passion for the Trojan hero. At the close of the feast, Dido requests her guest to give a relation of all his adventures up to the period of his arrival in her dominions.

The second and third books of the *Aeneid* are occupied by this relation, which comprehends as many absurdities as any other part of the poem. *Aeneas* tells how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the stratagem of a wooden horse, containing warriors, being introduced through the walls; a story full of superstitious absurdities, and in point of fact totally incredible. The hero was himself informed of the fate of the city by the ghost of Hector, which appears to him in his sleep, and after assuring him that he should become the founder of a new Troy in other lands, brings him the statues of the gods from the temple, to be carried away by him and reinstated in that settlement. He escapes through the burning and ravaged streets, with his father Anchises on his back, and his son Ascanius led in his hand; but Creusa, his wife, who walked by his side, was lost by the way, and perished. He then builds a fleet, and with a considerable party arrives in Thrace. Here erecting an altar, and wishing to overshadow it with green boughs, he pulls up a tree, and to his horror sees blood gush from the wounded ground. While wondering at this prodigy, he is informed by a voice that the blood is that of his brother-in-law Polydore, who had been murdered and buried here. After atoning for his unintentional offence by the erection of a tomb over the spot, he sails to Delos, and asks the oracle of that island what place the gods had appointed for his habitation. By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; but his household gods give him the true sense of the response in a dream, and he immediately sets sail for Italy. Landing upon the Strophades in the Ionian sea, the Trojans attempt to make a dinner out of the native flocks, but, when preparing to fall to, are invaded by a flight of loathsome supernatural creatures called harpies, with the faces of women and the bodies of birds, which steal their meat. After a vain attempt to repel these unwelcome visitors by the sword, *Aeneas* is informed by one of them, that, for his making war on the harpies, he and his companions should hereafter experience such famine as would cause them to eat their very dishes. He next touches at Chaonia, where he finds another party of Trojans settled under the government of a Trojan prince, and from the latter, who is also a priest, receives some prophetic information respecting his future voyages. In sailing for the Italian shore, he sees on the coast of Sicily a troop of Cyclops, colossal giants with one eye each, who endeavour to destroy his fleet. His father Anchises dies and is buried in Sicily. The narrative then concludes with an allusion to his being driven by a tempest upon the coast of Africa, where he now was.

*Dido* is next represented as suffering under a consuming passion for the Trojan stranger, which Juno becomes anxious to see indulged, as it promises to detain *Aeneas* from his course, and to make her favoured Lybia, instead of Italy, the seat of that universal empire of which the Trojan was destined to be the founder. She therefore co-operates with her rival Venus to bring about a match between the pair, and for this purpose contrives a stratagem, which we cannot permit ourselves to describe. *Aeneas*, lost to all recollection of his high destiny, now sits down idly in Carthage, and seems inclined to go no farther, when a neighbouring king, Iarbas, who had sought the hand of Dido in vain, takes it upon him through spite to acquaint Jupiter with what was going on, and

prompts the god to send down Mercury to warn the Trojan against the danger of his present disobedient course. At a hint from Mercury, Æneas abandons the duty of superintending the rise of Carthage, and makes secret preparations for recommencing his voyage. This, however, he does not manage so adroitly as to keep Dido in ignorance of his intention. She immediately begins to storm, calls him a base traitor, and threatens as a ghost to haunt him for ever. In spite of every threat and entreaty, he persists in obeying the will of the gods, and escapes during the night. Dido then mounts a funeral pile, and puts an end to her life. The whole conduct of the hero in this part of his history is opposed to morality and honour, and, being represented as the result of a pious obedience to the will of heaven, it could not fail to have a most pernicious effect upon the minds of the young, if the young ever read this or any other classic with real attention.

Æneas, now sailing from Africa, is driven by a storm upon the coast of Sicily, where he once more lands, and is well received by a prince named Acastes, of Trojan lineage. He there pays divine honours to the memory of his father Anchises, institutes funeral games, and ordains prizes for the conquerors. A large portion of the fifth book is taken up with minute descriptions of the games, in which, strange to say, only one supernatural event occurs, the taking fire of an arrow in the air. This event, however, is an augury of another which is about to take place. While the Trojans are celebrating the games, the women are holding a kind of wake at the tomb of Anchises. Juno sends her messenger Iris in disguise into the midst of the female band, and, by means of an artful speech, instigates them to set fire to the ships. The queen of heaven thought by this to prevent the foundation of the empire in Italy; but she is mistaken. At the prayer of Æneas, Jupiter sends a heavy shower of rain, which quenches the conflagration, after it had destroyed only four vessels. Æneas now resolves to leave a great number of females and old people behind, and to pursue his voyage with the diminished fleet. But ere he sails, the ghost of his father appears to him, and commands him to descend into the dominions of Pluto, in order that they might have an interview, and that Anchises might show to his son his future course and all the ensuing glories of his race. His mother at the same time implores Neptune to grant him a safe voyage to Italy, which the god of the sea readily promises, and immediately proceeds to still the waves by coursing over them in his chariot. Æneas, assured by the sight of Neptune at this employment, sets sail, and reaches the shore without any other accident than the loss of his helmsman Palinurus, who, by the machinations of the god Simumus, in other words by falling asleep at his post, tumbles into the sea.

Landing in the province of Cumæ, the pious hero seeks the cave of an oracular female personage, named the Sybil, who foretells to him the adventures he shall meet with in Italy. This supernatural being also undertakes, at his request, to conduct him down to hell, which, according to Virgil, was accessible by a dark and dismal cave descending from the opposite shore of a neighbouring lake. The description of this extraordinary journey and of the infernal regions is certainly fine in the original; yet it is only poetical view of a series of childish heathen superstitions, and so far from having any moral aim or effect, tends rather to confuse the moral sense. For instance, the spirits of those whose bodies have not been buried are represented as doing penance on that account for a hundred years, before being carried across the river Styx. In the happier department of these regions, the hero meets his father, who not only shows him the shades of his illustrious ancestors, long dead and gone, but those of his posterity also, among whom the poet places all such contemporaries of his own as he desired to flatter or court. On his return to upper air, Æneas once more sets sail, and, coasting along for a little way, finally arrives in the mouth of the Tiber, where he was destined to found his new empire. The poet, however, devotes the whole of the last six books, or one-half of the poem, to a narrative of the difficulties he encountered before he could form a proper settlement. Latinus, the aged king of Latium, is favourable to his views, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, a neighbouring prince, being in love with the princess, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by the unrelenting Juno, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages other chiefs in his quarrel. Preparations are made for war. Turnus sends for Diomedes, the enemy of the Trojans, and Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscan; in which object he succeeds. The god Vulcan, at the request of Venus, then makes an excellent suit of armour for Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity—another opportunity of introducing allusions flattering to Roman pride. Turnus, taking advantage of the absence of the Trojan hero, sets fire to his ships, which are kindly transformed by Jupiter into sea-nymphs. The Trojans, pressed in their camp, send Nisus and Euryalus to acquaint Æneas with their condition; and the adventures and death of these youths, who are sworn friends, constitute almost the only part of the whole poem that is calculated to gratify the moral feelings. Jupiter, now calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of

Æneas there is a bloody battle; Turnus killing Pallas, the son of Evander, while the Trojan slays Mezentius. In the eleventh book, Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for the burial of the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity between Turnus and Æneas: in the meantime, there is a sharp engagement of the horse, wherein a heroine called Camilla signifies herself, and is killed. Turnus, worsted in this engagement, proposes to settle the dispute by a single combat with Æneas: articles are agreed on, but broken by the subjects of the native prince, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and kills him; with which incident the poem concludes.

Now, we would just ask, is a nonsensical tale like that related above, full of gross superstition and barbarous slaughters, designed only to flatter an ignorant nation, detailing and approving of an unjust aggression by one tribe upon another, entitled to the honour in which it is still held? Is such a work calculated either to improve the sentiment of veneration for a true Deity, or to improve the sentiments of justice and kindness towards our fellow-creatures?—will such a horrible confusion of natural and supernatural tend in the least to strengthen the reasoning powers, clear the perception of cause and effect, or enable us better to judge of real men and real things? Assuredly not. It may be granted that here and there a good maxim drops from the mouth of a personage of the poem—as where Æneas tells his shipwrecked sailors that in time they may look back upon their hardships with pleasure, and where the Sybil tells the Trojan prince not to yield to obstructing evils, but to go the more boldly against them. But such things occur rarely and accidentally: the bulk of the work is a glorification of the inferior propensities, and tends, if its study has any tendency at all, to make us contemplate without proper moral repugnance almost every kind of crime. Such is one of the most famous of those books which for centuries mankind have pretended to admire, in defiance of a wisdom which would dictate its being left quietly to oblivion, or only preserved as an instance of a fine poetical genius spent upon an unfortunate subject.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CUVIER.

GEORGE CUVIER, the most eminent naturalist in modern times, was born August 23, 1769. The place of his nativity was the little town of Montbeliard, in Switzerland, formerly the capital of the district so called, and which, up till 1796, formed part of the German domain of the Duke of Wurttemburg. His father was a distinguished officer in a Swiss corps in the pay of France, and who, after forty years' service, retired to his native town with a small pension and a military title of honour. He there espoused a young lady of good family, to whose admirable management and superintendence the future eminence, if not indeed the very existence, of George Cuvier, who was the second son, is mainly to be attributed. He was of an extremely delicate constitution, and, equally with the view of strengthening his body and enlightening his mind, she directed his attention to the beauties of outward nature. To the latest day of his life, Cuvier cherished, with the most lively fondness, every reminiscence of this excellent woman, and in his later years, when immersed in the toils of legislation and science, expressed the warmest gratitude to any one who brought him a bouquet of the flowers which his mother had more especially loved. Under her instructions alone, Cuvier was taught to read with facility when only four years of age. She also instructed him in sketching, while she fostered in every way the desire for solid information which he so early manifested, by procuring a supply of historical and scientific works, calculated to expand his youthful mind. When he became of age to learn Latin, she not only attended him to and from the school personally, but even undertook the superintendence of his daily lessons, and had the satisfaction of finding that he maintained a superiority over all his schoolfellows. When ten years old, Cuvier was removed to a higher school, called the Gymnase, where his progress attracted particular attention. He was singularly diligent and thoughtful, with a memory of uncommon retention. But the author who attracted all his regard in his leisure moments, was Buffon, the whole of whose plates, even at this early age, he faithfully copied and coloured, manifesting at the same time the most extraordinary aptitude for mastering the driest details of nomenclature. His acquisition of the dead languages, mathematics, and geography, was not less remarkable, and he pursued all these studies with an ardour that would seem incompatible with the indulgence of childhood sports.

Cuvier was destined for the church, and from the poverty of his parents, became a candidate for admission to the free school of Tabingen. In this compe-

tition he composed and delivered a poetical oration on the prosperity of the principality, which he is said to have recited with astonishing effect; but from the base treachery of his master in the Gymnase, he lost the just reward of his able composition. His merits, however, had now become so conspicuous as to attract the notice of Duke Charles, uncle of the present king of Wurtemburg, who, upon an interview with him, became so much interested in his welfare, that he sent him, upon his own (Duke Charles's) charges, to the *Académie Caroline* at Stuttgart, a seminary founded by the duke himself, and in which he took the deepest interest. This was in 1784, when Cuvier had entered his fifteenth year. His various talents, or rather his unbounded capacity, had now the means of expanding itself upon the wide range of studies afforded to its exercise. The pupils were instructed in almost every branch of knowledge, but more particularly those connected with civil polity; and many of them became in after years the ministers not only of the various courts of Germany, but even of Russia and other states. Cuvier was inferior to none in the ready acquisition of every subject of study; but amidst all his occupations, that of natural history was pursued with an ardour that increased in proportion to the means of self-instruction which he possessed. He read Linnaeus, Reinhart, and all the other best authors; inspected all the museums within his reach; collected specimens; and drew and coloured insects, birds, and plants, in his hours of recreation. Even then he began to perceive the great advantages which the study of entomology (anatomy of insects) would lend to his future investigations, while its prosecution led to the acquisition of habits of minute observation.

Cuvier had only been four years at Stuttgart (during which time, however, he had won many marks of distinction—amongst others the order of *chevalerie*, which was only granted to five or six of the pupils out of four hundred), when the disturbed condition of France and Germany, occasioning the departure of his patron and the discontinuance of his father's pension, obliged him to leave that seminary; and he took what appeared to his companions to be the desperate resolution of becoming tutor in a private family—that of Count d'Héricy, a Protestant nobleman—with whom he removed to Caen, in Normandy, in July 1788. Change of residence, society, and circumstances, however, could not for a moment damp the persevering assiduity of Cuvier, and the transition from an inland to a maritime situation only contributed to direct his active mind into new channels of study and investigation. He here began to study the anatomy of fishes, compare fossil with recent species, and from their dissection was conducted to the development of his great views on the whole of the animal kingdom, by which he subsequently read the physical history of creation through all its phases, as in a book. Whilst engaged in making records of his observations simply for his own guidance and use, he was unwittingly rectifying the mistakes and oversights of all preceding and contemporary naturalists.

Nearly six years passed over Cuvier's head thus usefully and tranquilly employed, whilst France was undergoing the dreadful ordeal of the revolution. But its impulse at last reached his retreat. A society or union, like those which were organised by the populace throughout every other part of the empire, and which armed the inhabitants against themselves, was about to be established at the neighbouring town of Fécamp, when Cuvier, who perceived the impending danger, prevailed on his employer and the neighbouring landholders to anticipate its formation by constituting the society themselves. Of this body Cuvier was appointed secretary, and the members, instead of discussing sanguinary affairs at their meetings, devoted their attention solely to the consideration of agriculture. At one of these meetings a speech was delivered by a venerable-looking individual, who resided in the neighbourhood under the character of a surgeon. Cuvier, however, although he had never seen him before, quickly recognised in the speaker the author of certain valuable articles on agriculture in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, and approaching him after the sitting was finished, he addressed him as the Abbé Tessier. The old man was at first much alarmed, for he had fled from Paris and concealed himself under his present disguise, to avoid the common doom of all who then bore the hated name of Abbé; but Cuvier soon quieted his fears, and they became thenceforward the most intimate friends. Tessier perceived at once the extraordinary talents and acquirements of his new acquaintance. "At the sight of this young man," he wrote to his friend Jussieu, "I felt the same delight as the philosopher, who, when cast upon an unknown shore, there saw traces of geometrical figures. M. Cuvier is a violet which was concealed among common herbs. He has great acquirements; he draws plates for your work, and I have urged on him to give botanical lectures this summer. He has consented to do so, and I congratulate the students on the fact, for he demonstrates with great method and clearness. I doubt if there is to be found a better comparative anatomist; he is indeed a pearl worth the picking up. I contributed to draw M. Delambre from his retreat; do you now help me to draw M. Cuvier from his, for he is made for science and the world." The immediate result of these warm recommendations was the transmission of some of Cuvier's papers to Paris, where

their great value was properly appreciated; and in a few months afterwards he was appointed colleague of M. Mertreid in the newly created chair of comparative anatomy at Paris, whither he removed, being then only twenty-six years of age.

Cuvier's first thoughts, on finding himself placed in a respectable and permanent situation, were for his distressed relatives. His mother was then dead, but he invited his father and brother to come and live with him; and after seeing them comfortably settled, he applied himself to his favourite studies with a zeal that nothing could repress. He was every where heard with delight and conviction, for he had already, before coming to Paris, adopted those extensive views, and arrived at those profound and sagacious conclusions, which guided his investigations into physical nature, and shook to their base all the then existing systems of Linnaeus and other naturalists. Besides his public lectures and private pursuits, he published during the first year of his residence at Paris more than half a dozen treatises on various subjects of natural history, in which the most expanded views were combined with evidence of the minutest accuracy and arrangement. He especially impressed on his pupils the importance of entomological study. A young medical student came to him upon a certain occasion, full of a discovery he supposed himself to have made in dissecting a human body. Cuvier immediately asked him if he was an entomologist, to which the other replied in the negative. "Go, then, and anatomise an insect," said Cuvier, "and then reconsider the discovery you have made." The young man did so, and returned to Cuvier to confess his error. "Now," said Cuvier, "you see the value of my touchstone." His discovery of the red blood of the leech, and the other animals which he grouped in the class *Annelides*, was made in 1796; and in 1797 he read his celebrated memoir on the nutrition of insects, in which he showed the manner in which respiration was carried on by tracheæ, and how the nutritious fluid diffused itself over the whole internal surface of the body, so as to be every where absorbed.

The period of Cuvier's removal to Paris was fortunately that when the arts and sciences and social order were beginning to be re-established after the convulsions of the revolution. The National Institute, one of the noblest societies of Europe, was founded in 1796; Cuvier was one of its original members, and for more than thirty years maintained the most distinguished rank amongst them. His appointment in the Jardin des Plantes had now fixed him in the midst of those objects to which his life would have been devoted by inclination; and from the day of his appointment to the day of his death, his labours were devoted to forming and completing the collections of which it can now boast, and which, in every respect, may almost be pronounced unrivaled. The intensity of his devotion to this occupation was strongly manifested upon a remarkable occasion in the year 1798. Bonaparte was then preparing for his expedition to Egypt, and deputed M. Berthollet to select some scientific men to accompany the armament. Berthollet particularly recommended Cuvier, who accordingly received a notification of his appointment; but, undazzled by the flattering nature of the proposal, and the prospects it held out of advancing his private interests, by bringing him into frequent and personal communication with Napoleon, he had the firmness to decline the honour, saying that he was conscious he could much more advance the science of natural history by the steady prosecution of it at the Jardin des Plantes, than by any casual study of it elsewhere. And well did he prove the sincerity of his motives. Soon afterwards he published his *Tableau Élémentaire*, consisting of 710 octavo pages, which was only a precursor to his great work, *Régne Animal*, or the Animal Kingdom, in which he adopted Daubenton's two grand divisions of vertebrate and invertebrate animals: dividing each into four great classes, and subdividing them into orders, genera, and species. Cuvier also produced at the same time his first "Memoir on Fossil Bones," being an essay on the fossil bones of the larger quadrupeds, particularly those of the elephant, the mastodon, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, &c. A view of the specimens he collected, first opened to the gaze of foreigners after the peace of 1814, could alone enable any one to form a proper estimate of the labours of Cuvier's. These collections, when inspected, broke up the slumber of many old institutions; caused renewed investigation into neglected specimens in other countries, and spread an active love for the pursuit of natural history through all ranks of the people. And it is observed, that, when Cuvier first began this anatomical collection, his materials consisted but of a few skeletons tied together like so many fagots, and put away in the number-room of the college.

Circumstances by degrees contributed to the success of Cuvier's labours. Wherever French armies marched, it was their pride to collect whatever might enrich the increasing collections at Paris; and under the directions of Cuvier, the numerous contributions thus received were arranged according to the system which his eloquent lectures explained. By labours which knew little intermission, and with the help of these daily increasing stores, he was enabled to lay the foundations of comparative anatomy, to make the discovery of ancient zoology, and to introduce a reform throughout the whole series of the animal kingdom. The death of M. Daubenton, in 1799, opened the way for the succession of Cuvier as Professor at the College de

France; and he thus discharged the double duty of teaching natural philosophy at that latter institution, and lecturing on comparative anatomy at the Jardin des Plantes. It is painful to state that his pecuniary remuneration for this great labour was neither commensurate in amount nor regular in its payment.

In 1800, Cuvier commenced his celebrated "Lectures on Comparative Anatomy," which were completed in five years. They were delivered from notes, and with a persuasive eloquence perfectly unrivaled. His skill in delineating forms was so great, and the rapidity and exactness with which he produced them so extraordinary, that it seemed to his pupils as if he rather created living objects than inanimate representations. He did not consider the whole organic structure of each animal separately and at once, but examined an individual organ through the whole series of animals in succession. It was by this method that he was ultimately led to the revealment of an order of facts illustrative of the theory of the earth. It was by the combination of mineralogical observation and the sciences relating to organic structures, that the successive eras of the earth were made apparent. As it would, however, only encumber the present sketch to notice the extent of his geological discoveries, we shall leave these to form the subject of a separate article.

To his researches into fossil remains Cuvier ever attached the utmost importance. His writings on these and other subjects are indeed so numerous, that it is impossible for us even to attempt a list of them. His labours increased with his years, in magnitude and diversity, but only to show the extent of his capacity. After Bonaparte's return from Egypt, and being declared First Consul, Cuvier was elected secretary to the class of physical and mathematical sciences, of which Bonaparte was president. The latter soon perceived the value and variety of Cuvier's talents, and selected him as one of the six general inspectors appointed in 1802 for the purpose of establishing a lycée school in each of thirty cities of France. While absent on this duty, Napoleon made the secretaryship of the class of physical and mathematical sciences perpetual, with a salary of 6000 francs.

In 1803, Cuvier married Madame Duvance, the widow of a fermier-general, who was guillotined in 1794, and who brought four young children home with her. Madame Cuvier appears to have been an admirable woman, and to have proved an invaluable blessing to her husband. She bore him four children, all of whom, as well as his stepchildren, were successively taken from him, excepting one of the latter. In 1808, Cuvier was appointed one of the councillors, for life, of the New Imperial University; and Bonaparte (now emperor) about the same time employed him to write a history of the progress of the human mind from the year 1789. Of this work, to which Cuvier applied himself with his usual ardour, Baron Pasquier says, "We were present when it was read to the emperor in the council of state, and such scenes are never effaced from the memory. Napoleon had asked merely a report, and under that unassuming title, the skilful reporter had raised a monument, which stands like a Pharos between two ages, showing at once the road that had been traversed, and that which still ought to be pursued." His situation as university councillor brought him frequently into the emperor's presence to discuss affairs of administration. During the years 1809 and 1810, he was appointed to organise the academies of the Italian States. In 1811, he was employed to form academies in Holland and the Hanseatic towns. Upon these duties he entered with all the enthusiasm of his benevolent mind, and no employment could have been more delightful. Napoleon was so much pleased with the manner in which he discharged his task, that he conferred on him the title of Chevalier, and also named him in 1813 *maitre des requêtes* in the council of state. During these various tours, Cuvier prosecuted his study of natural history unremittingly.

The extraordinary talents of Cuvier, blended as they were with so much dignity of character and so much experience, were indispensable to France under all the successive changes of government which happened during his lifetime. The consulate, the imperial government, the restoration, the monarchy of July, did but anew direct public attention to the civil services of a man whose attainments and whose sagacity were for all time. He was the favoured, admired, esteemed, of all parties, and yet independent. Undistracted by all the changes that befell his country, he was ever occupied with her best interests, and endeavouring to diffuse that mental and moral preparation, without which he well knew the political rights she so urgently sought would prove the reverse of blessings. After the restoration, Louis XVIII. bestowed on him the dignity of councillor of state, and he was thus called on to take a considerable share in the internal administration of his country, as president of the committee of the interior, an office which involved him in endless details of business. In 1818, he visited England for six weeks, and during his absence from Paris, had the distinguished honour of being created one of the forty of the Académie Française. In 1819, he was named grand-master of the university and in the same year was created a baron.

In 1826, Charles X. bestowed on him the decoration of grand officer of the legion of honour; and his old sovereign, the King of

Wurtemburg, about the same time made him commander of the order of the crown. During the same year, he lost the favour of the court by steadily refusing the appointment of censor of the press; but he incurred a much heavier dispensation in the loss of his only remaining child Clementine, a beautiful young woman, on the eve of marriage. In 1830, he again visited England along with his stepdaughter Mademoiselle Duvance, and they happened to be in London during the revolution of the barricades. On his return to Paris, Cuvier was most graciously received by Louis Philippe, by whom he was, in 1832, created a peer of France. But he lived not long to enjoy his dignity. On the 9th May he was attacked by partial paralysis in his arms, and aware in what it was to terminate, made his will and arranged some important matters with the most perfect calmness. On the 11th, his legs were paralysed, but so powerful was the love of science within him, that he sought to illustrate a paper which he had previously read in the Institute by reference to his own case, saying, "It is the nerves of the will that are affected," alluding to the distinction between the nerves of the will and those of sensibility, and the discoveries of Sir Charles Bell and Scarpa. To M. Pasquier, who saw him on the 12th, he remarked, "I had great things still to do. All was ready in my head. After thirty years of labour and research, these remained but to write, and now the hands fail and carry with them the head." On the 13th, after vainly trying to swallow a mouthful of lemonade, he gave the draught to his stepdaughter to drink, saying it was delightful to see those he loved still able to swallow. After which affectionate remark, he calmly expired.

Cuvier was an uncommonly fine-looking man, both in person and features, his countenance being indicative of that talent and intelligence by which he was distinguished. His manner was noble and dignified; he was kind and conciliatory to all; and his charity and benevolence were unbounded. His application was prodigious. He was never without occupation, and his only relaxation was in the change of his objects of business or study. Amid his multifarious occupations out of his house, if he had only a quarter of an hour to spare before dinner on his return, he availed himself of it to resume some composition interrupted since the night before on some scientific subject. During his drives through the city, he read and even wrote in his carriage, having a desk fitted up in it for that purpose. He dined between six and seven, after which, if he did not go out, he immediately retired to his study, where he continued till ten or eleven. His extreme facility for study, and of directing all the powers of his mind to diverse occupations of study, from one quarter of an hour to another, was one of the most extraordinary qualities of his mind; and we will conclude our notice of this great man by observing, that the habit he had acquired of never being idle, of being undisturbed by interruptions, and of returning to unfinished labours as if no such interruptions had occurred, was shown in his instance to be so valuable, that if it is to be acquired by those who do not naturally possess it, it merits the strongest efforts of the mind for its attainment.

#### A GERMAN SETTLEMENT.

NEAR Cape Girardeau, in the state of Missouri, and at no great distance from the western banks of the Mississippi, Mr Flint, in the course of his travels as a preacher, lighted upon what he terms a "curiosity" in such a district, namely, an isolated but pure German settlement. We beg to transcribe his account for the entertainment of our readers:—"These people have here preserved their nationality and their language more unmixed than even in Pennsylvania. At a meeting in the woods, where it was supposed four hundred German people were present, there were not half a dozen of people of English descent. The women are not able to express themselves well in English. The men, though they understand the colloquial and familiar language, yet express themselves with the peculiar German accent, pronunciation, and phrase, so as to be very amusing, if not sometimes ludicrous. They are principally Lutherans, and came some of them directly from Germany, but the greater portion from North Carolina and Pennsylvania. They have fixed themselves on a clear and beautiful stream called the White-water, which runs twenty-five miles, and loses itself in the great swamp. Located here in the forest—a narrow settlement of Germans unmixed with other people, having little communication except with their own people, and little intercourse with the world, having besides all the coarse trades and manufactures among themselves, they have preserved their peculiarities in an uncommon degree.

They are anxious for religious instruction, and love the German honesty and industry. But almost every farmer has his distillery, and the pernicious poison, whisky, dribbles from the corn; and in their curious dialect, they told me, that while they wanted religion, and their children baptised, and a minister as exemplary as possible, he must allow the honest Dutch, as they call themselves, to partake of the native beverage. And they undertook to prove that the swearing and drunkenness of a Dutchman was not so bad as that of an American.

The vast size of their horses, their own gigantic size, the peculiar dress of the women, the child-like and unsophisticated simplicity of their conversation,

amused me exceedingly. Nothing could afford a more striking contrast to the uniformity of manners and opinions among their American neighbours. I attended a funeral, where there were a great number of them present. After I had performed such services as I was used to perform on such occasions, a most venerable-looking old man, of the name of Nyeswunger, with a silver beard that flowed down his chin, came forward and asked me if I were willing that he should perform some of their peculiar rites. I of course wished to hear them. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's hymns, and they all began to sing in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain; and yet there was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his long home, in the use of the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from 'fader land,' a word which often occurred in their hymn. It was a long, loud, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along. The words 'mein Gott,' 'mein brother,' and 'fader land,' died away in distant echoes in the woods. Remembrances and associations rushed upon me, and I shall long remember that funeral hymn.

They had brought a minister among them, of the name of Weiberg, or, as they pronounced it, Wineborg; an educated man, but a notorious drunkard. The earnest manner in which he performed divine service in their own ritual and in their own language, carried away all their affections; for, like other people naturally phlegmatic, when the tide once gets started, it sweeps all restraints from its course. After service he would get drunk, and, as often happens among them, was quarrelsome. They claimed indulgence to get drunk themselves, but were not quite so clear in allowing their minister the same privilege. The consequence was, that when the time came round for them to pay their subscription, they were disposed to refuse, alleging, as justification, their unworthiness and drunkenness. He had for three successive years in this way commenced and recovered suits against them. And to reinstate himself in their good will, it was only necessary for him to take them when a sufficient quantity of whisky had opened their phlegmatic natures to sensibility, and then give them a vehement discourse, as they phrased it, in the pure old Dutch, and give them a German hymn of his own manufacture—for he was a poet too—and the subscription paper was once more brought forward. They who had lost their suit, and had been most inveterate in their dislike, were thawed out, and crowded about the paper either to sign their name, or make their mark.

The settlement is German, also, in all its habits—in their taste for permanent buildings, and their disposition to build with stone, in their love of silver dollars and their contempt of bank-bills, in their disposition to manufacture every necessary among themselves. I counted forty-five female dresses hung round my sleeping-room, all of cotton, raised and manufactured, and coloured in the family. The ladies of cities are not more inwardly gratified with the possession of the newest and most costly furniture, than these good, laborious, submissive, and silent housewives are in hanging round their best apartment fifty male and female dresses, all manufactured by their own hand. I had the good fortune to be very acceptable to this people, although I could not smoke, drink whisky, nor talk German. They made various efforts to fix my family among them; and as the highest expression of good will, they told me that they would do more than they had done for Weiberg.

These strong features of nationality are very striking characteristics in this country universally. The Germans, the French, the Anglo-Americans, Scotch, and Irish, all retain and preserve their national manners and prejudices. Nothing fosters attachment to every thing national, like residing in a foreign region, and among foreign manners. All our peculiar ways of thinking and acting become endeared to us by the unpleasant contrast of foreign manners, and become identified with our best possessions by national pride. But among the races in this country, the Germans succeed decidedly the best; better, even, than the Anglo-Americans. They have no vagrant imaginations, and they cast a single look over the forest or prairie which they have purchased, and their minds seize intuitively the best arrangement and division, and their farming establishment generally succeeds. They build a good house and barn. They plant a large orchard. Their fences, their gates, all the appendages to their establishment, are strong and permanent. They raise large horses and cattle. They spend little, and when they sell will receive nothing in pay but specie. Every stroke counts towards improvement. Their wives have no taste for parties and tea. Silent unwarred labour, and the rearing of their children, are their only pursuits; and in a few years they are comparatively rich. Next to them in prosperity are the Anglo-Americans. Then the Scotch. The direct emigrants from England are only superior to the French, who in the upper country have succeeded less than any other people, as planters. The German settlement at Cape Girardeau extends very near the French settlement of St Genevieve; and here you have the strong points of national difference brought in direct contrast. The one race is generally independent in their condition; the other produces a few rich farmers, but is generally a poor race of hunters, crowded in villages with mud hovels, fond of conversation

and coffee, and never rises from a state of indigence. The difference produces a corresponding physical difference even in the body. The Germans are large, stout, and ruddy-looking men and women—the poorer French are spare, thin, sallow, and tanned, with their flesh adhering to their bones, and apparently dried to the consistency of parchment.

One general trait appears to me strongly to characterise this region in a religious point of view. They are anxious to collect a great many people and preachers, and achieve, if the expression may be allowed, a great deal of religion at once, that they may lie by, and be exempt from its rules and duties until the regular recurrence of the period for replenishing the exhausted stock. Hence we witness the melancholy aspect of much appearance and seeming, frequent meetings, spasms, cries, fallings, faintings, and, what I imagine will be a new aspect of religious feeling to most of my readers, the religious laugh. Nothing is more common at these scenes than to see the more forward people on these occasions indulging in what seemed to me an idiot and spasmodic laugh; and when I asked what it meant, I was told it was the holy laugh! Preposterous as the term may seem to my readers, the phrase 'holy laugh' is so familiar to me, as no longer to excite surprise. But in these same regions, and among these same people, morals, genuine tenderness of heart, and capacity to be guided either by reason, persuasion, or the uniform dictates of the gospel, was an affecting desideratum."

#### DIPPINGS INTO OLD MAGAZINES.

##### THE GENTLEMAN'S FOR 1731.

Or that important department of our national literature now familiarly termed the Magazines, the *GENTLEMAN'S* was the great original, as it still continues to be, if not the most brilliant, at least one of the most useful and respectable. For some years before 1731, an industrious printer and journalist named Edward Cave had contemplated the commencement of a monthly pamphlet, in which the best articles of the newspapers should be condensed, and a register of events, markets, &c. regularly given. After in vain endeavouring to procure the co-operation of the booksellers, he found himself, in the year just named, able to commence such a work on his own account, the duties of editor being performed by himself. The first number appeared in the form of a very plain octavo pamphlet of forty-two pages, at the price of sixpence, under the title of *The Gentleman's Magazine, or Trader's Monthly Intelligencer, by Sylvanus Urban, Aldermanbury, Gent.*; as if to imply that the tastes and interests of both the aristocratic and mercantile classes, of both city and country, would be attended to. The bulk of the work consisted of abridgements of the best articles in the political and literary journals of shorter periods, as the *Craftsman*, the *London Journal*, the *Universal Spectator*, *Applebee's Journal*, &c.; and then came a department called the *Monthly Intelligencer*, containing foreign and domestic occurrences, casualties, a register of births, marriages, and deaths, observations on gardening, and a list of publications. The work met with great and immediate success, insomuch that a second edition of the first number was issued with the third, and reprints of the first five with the eighth, upon which appeared for the first time that wooden engraving of St John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which has ever since so curiously distinguished the magazine; though it was not till the year 1735 that Mr Cave gave his name on the title-page as publisher. As a natural consequence of success, the design was immediately imitated by multitudes of those who formerly refused to enter into the views of the projector; but he was at all times able, by the advantage he enjoyed as originator of the plan, and by unceasing exertions for the improvement of his work, to keep greatly ahead of all competitors, and eventually realised a fortune. He died, January 10, 1754, at the age of sixty-two.

In opening the homely and old-fashioned volume before us, one of the first facts that occurs, of a nature calculated to excite remark, is one of a melancholy nature in the general bill of christenings and burials for the year. In 1731, there were twenty-five thousand burials in London, whereof nearly ten thousand or two-fifths were of children under two years of age; while in the same space of time there were only about eighteen thousand christened. What an amount of avoidable misery was here encountered and endured, through ignorance of, or contempt for, the physical and organic laws! This prodigious mortality of infants was in a great measure the result of inadequate or erroneous treatment, and of the unnatural mode of living which obtained in large and ill-regulated cities. Owing to the improvements which have

taken place in the police of London, and the increased humanity and knowledge of the inhabitants, the proportion of deaths under two years is now, to the christenings, as between a fifth and a fourth; a great step, certainly, towards that state of things in which human life shall be permitted to commence under proper circumstances, but still far short of what further improvements may be expected to effect. In the general list of deaths, 7986 are by convulsion, 3425 by consumption, 2640 by small pox, 3225 by fevers, and 1242 by teething; in all of which departments there are now greatly reduced proportions. The proportion of deaths in 1731 to the total population seems to have been one in twenty-three, whereas it is now stated by Mr Britton at one in thirty-one.

In the *Monthly Intelligencer* for January, there are several notices of state prosecutions for libellous papers. The northern roads are stated to be so deeply covered with snow, that the Scottish members of Parliament and representative peers, on their way to London, were obliged to alight, and walk many miles on foot. A human heart is found, preserved in spirits, in a leaden pot, under a garden connected with Waverley Abbey in Surrey—supposed to be that of William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, founder of the abbey. It is "advised" from Burlington in Pennsylvania, that some old men and women, suspected of bewitching cattle, had been dragged by a mob to the governor's house, and tried by the novel plan of weighing their persons in a pair of scales against a large Bible; and on their being found "vastly to outweigh the Bible," they were thrown bound into a river, on the supposition that if they swam they would be guilty. "This they offered to undergo, in case their accusers should be served in like manner; which being done, they all swam very buoyant, and cleared the accused." It is also mentioned that in the previous September, a mob at Frome in Somersetshire had destroyed an old woman, supposed to be a witch, by subjecting her to the water-ordeal.

In the March number is given a Scotch proclamation for a fair, as follows:—"Oyez, and that's as time; Oyez, and that's tw times; Oyez, and that's the third and last time. All manner of person and persons whosoever, let them draw near, and I shall let them ken, that there is a fair to be held at the town o' Langholm, for the space of aught days; wherein if ony hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dub-scooper, or gang-the-gate swinger, shall breed ony hurdum-durdum, rabblement, brabblement, or swabblement, he shall have his lugs nailed to the muckle trone, with a nail of twal a-penny, until he down on his hobshanks, and pray to heaven, nine times God bless the king, and thrice the laird o' Relton, payng a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, baillie of the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation; I'll hame to my dinner."

Among the casualties for March, is one which might have done honour to the imagination of the barber in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*: "A poor man was found hanging in a gentleman's stables at Bungay in Norfolk, by a person who cut him down, and, running for assistance, left a penknife behind him; the poor man, recovering, cut his throat with it, and, a river being nigh, jumped into it, but, company coming, he was dragged out alive, and was likely to remain so."

The state-lottery system had commenced before 1731, and in the scheme of that year the highest prize was £10,000. "August 31, the tickets were delivered out to the subscribers at the Bank of England; when the crowd being so great as to obstruct the clerks, they told them, 'We deliver blanks to-day, but to-morrow we shall deliver prizes;' upon which many who were by no means blanks retired, and they had room to proceed in their business by this stratagem."

At the beginning of October, a report of her majesty's death was raised in London, in consequence of the death of a woman at court whom the grooms and servants called Queen; "on which account several dealers were considerable losers by buying up blacks for mourning." About the same time, "Miss Worley, driving in her chair on Banstead Downs, was attacked by a highwayman. He presented his pistol, and she lashed at him and his horse, with her whip, till she obliged him to sheer off. Her footman was so surprised that he durst not assist." This instance of feminine intrepidity is matched by another which took place in Bohemia, whence "they write that two young ladies had fought a duel for an accomplished young knight, in which one being dangerously wounded in the breast, resigned him to the sole possession of her victorious rival." Mr Urban hears from Scotland that "William Crawford, janitor of the High School at Edinburgh, somewhat in years, having been thrice proclaimed in the kirk, went thither with his friends, and stood some hours expecting his bride. At last he received a ticket from her in these terms—

"William, you must know I am pre-engaged. I never yet could like a burnt cuttie [a burnt-out tobacco pipe]. I have now by the hand my sonny mensel strapper, with whom I intend to pass my days. You know old age and youth cannot agree together. I must then be excused, if I tell you I am not your humble servant." The honest man, not taking it much to heart, only said, "Come, let us at least keep the feast on the feast-day; dinner will be ready, let us go drink and drive away care: may never a greater misfortune attend an honest man." Back to dinner they went, and from the company convened, the bridegroom got one hundred marks, and all charges defrayed; with which he was as well satisfied as he who got Madam."

An edict was this year published at Hanover, prohibiting "all pages, footmen, and other persons in livery, huntsmen, cooks, scholars, journeymen of persons in trade, and other such-like persons, to wear any sword, sabre, cutlass, or other arms, in that town and suburbs, on penalty of a fine of three crowns for every offence. It is to be wished, says the *Grub Street Journal*, that his Majesty would in like manner disarm the numerous coxcombs in this town and suburbs." From Ireland they write "of one Mr Bacon of Ferns, who, being an one-and-twentieth son, born in wedlock without a daughter intervening, had performed prodigious cures in the king's evil and scrofulous cases, by stroking the part with his hand."

Upon a general survey of the contents of this volume, one is impressed forcibly with a notion of the great improvement which has been effected in almost every department of the social system since 1731. The diminished mortality has already been alluded to. The extinction of lotteries is another point on which the present age has to congratulate itself. Crimes may now be more numerous than they were formerly, but they are certainly in general of a less atrocious and revolting character. Murders, robbery, and other of the more violent classes of offences, appear to have then been much more frequent than they now are. The mails are frequently robbed, and great numbers of highwaymen are executed. There are also many exposures of perjurers and other offenders on the pillory, where the crowd expresses a sense of their guilt in such a violent manner, that the blood of the criminal flows on the scaffold, and in one case life is destroyed. Nothing, however, is more striking than the great increase which has taken place, at once in the freedom of the press and its *decorum*, since 1731. The articles condensed by Mr Urban are generally very wretched in point of talent, and many instances of the worst kind of licentiousness occur; indeed, there is hardly now any class of publications that could be put on a level with these. At the same time, public affairs are only alluded to in obscure terms, in order to avoid prosecution; and when Mr Urban begins in 1732 to give a few of the more important debates in Parliament, it is with the initials of the speakers only.

#### ARMORIAL MOTTOES.

HAPPENING lately to notice the motto of a coat of arms on a carriage in the street, which spoke plainly a particular sentiment, it chanced to occur to us, that, as it is likely that the chooser of a family motto speaks out the prevailing feeling of his mind, the family character, at least its founder's, in other words, the original predominating family organisation, might be inferred from the armorial motto, and the accompanying crest, which is generally a hieroglyphic or emblematical design, expressing the same sentiment with the motto itself. We thought it probable that the books of heraldry would show a great preponderance of selfish over social feeling in the earlier mottoes. The founders of families, in rude times, would of course be proud of the qualities by which they rose; and although these were seldom just and merciful, the motto and crest would hold out the laconic boast to the world. We expected that next to the boasters would come the worshippers, the *prix chevaliers* of chivalry, who bent the knee alike to their king, their mistress, and their God; and that of sentiments not selfish, Veneration would figure in heraldic blazonry; and Hope, that never-failing impulse of the ambitious. We did not expect more than a sprinkling of justice, and little, if any, mercy at all.

With these anticipations, it was interesting to open heraldic works, both English and Scottish, and observe how far we were correct. We were nearly so, and precisely in the above order. With the exception of Firmness, which forms an element in many mottoes, and which may mingle in a combination of faculties for ill as well as for good—the great majority ascend no higher in the scale of dignity than the twelve lowest faculties, embracing the animal propensities and lower sentiments. A considerable number ascend to Veneration—not just so many to Hope—more than we expected to Conscientiousness—and a very few to pure Benevolence.

Begaining with the lowest class of feelings, we find these in some mottoes in their unmixed degradation. For example, mere Destructiveness comes forth in such legends as these—*Strike—Strike hard—Spare nought—Gripe fast*. Destructiveness with Combative ness dictated, *Through—I dare—Fortsier*. An arrow for crest, with, *It lacks not a bow—I make siccar*, with a hand and dagger for crest, adds Caution to Destructiveness, and was the murderous boast of Kirkpatrick, who re-entered the church of the Dominicans at Dumfries to finish the Cummin, whom

Bruce, under Veneration, said, he *doubted* he had killed—"You doubt? I'll make siccar." Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Caution, suggested the grovelling family motto of *Look siccar*; while *Thou shall want ere I want*, aspires no higher than the ambition of the strongest hog in swine-stye. However this unseemly motto may, as it must, have described the founder of the noble family to which it belongs, we can answer for its contrast to the sentiments of the present representative. He has an easy course before him: let him *reverse it*, and mark the time as a truly proud epoch in his family history. *Forth Fortune and fill the fitters*, would also be improved by a change to *Forth Fortune and break the fitters*. Rising in the scale, but still in the regions of selfishness, are most of the boastful mottoes of the warrior. Of course these manifest Combative ness always in alliance with Self-Esteem, variously modified by Firmness, Love of Approval, Caution, and Hope. *I have decreed*, is Self-Esteem and Firmness. *I saw, I conquered*, is Combative ness and Self-Esteem, as are, *I advance—I am ready—Foremost if I can—Stronger than enemies, equal to friends—Quo non ascendam—Stand fast—In defence—Steady—arose from Combative ness and Firmness. Glory victory's reward—Never behind—Death rather than disgrace—Fear shame—have reference to the world's opinion, and therefore spring from Love of Approval, in combination with Self-Esteem.*

Cautiousness, when powerful, would not be concealed even in a warrior's motto, as in *On-slow—Be ware the bear—Bravely but cautiously*.

Hope may well be expected to predominate in minds subjected to all the chances of war and consequent vicissitudes of fortune; accordingly we have, *I hope—While I breathe I hope—I live in hope—Hope nourishes—By hope and labour—They go high who attempt the summit*. Self-Esteem mingles largely in this last. We lately met with a singular example of this motto expressing the ruling feeling. A man rather below middle rank happened to come to us often for professional advice. We observed in him the qualities of unreasonable sanguineness and great love of show. He died, and left a widow and children nearly destitute. Among his effects there was a costly watch, chain, and seals, almost new, worth not less than sixty guineas, which it was perfect insanity for a person in his circumstances to have purchased. Of course there was a crest on one of the seals, and we were curious to observe the motto. It turned out to be "*Spero meliora—I hope better things*." Still with Self-Esteem for a basis, Secretiveness lends its aid in some minds to constitute the favourite sentiment. For example, *Never show your rage—I bide my time*. This declaration of cherished revenge is a singular *mélange* of Self-Esteem, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, and Cautiousness.

Veneration, as Veneration, if unmixed with the baser feelings, which lead to bigotry and persecution, has nothing selfish in it, and when expressed on the warrior's shield, has higher claims to our respect. Its manifestation in rude times was, it is true, for the most part superstitious, and for that reason it is not entitled to be classed with Conscientiousness and Benevolence, unless it is found in company with them. *Salvation from the cross—Glory to God—While I breathe I will trust in the cross—From God, not from fortune—Worship God, serve the King—Aymer loyalty—With good will to serve my King—One God—One King—One heart*. These and many others were probably mere effusions of Veneration, and have nothing in them to show that they were more. But we might conclude true religious feelings to belong in addition to the mind, where Conscientiousness prevailed so decidedly as to appear upon the shield. For example: *To the lovers of justice, piety, and faith—Boldly and sincerely—Be just and fear not—Candidly and steadily—By courage, not by craft—Every one his own—Do right and trust—Fideliter—Judge nought—Keep trust (contract)—Probita the true honour—Virtue the sole nobility—To be rather than to seem—High and good—Sound conscience a strong tower—The palm to virtue*. Last of all comes Benevolence, and it is like a gleam of sunshine in the midst of a storm, to see its mild and beautiful countenance in the ages of pride, cunning, and ferocity; but it is but thinly sown. *Be brave, not fierce—Clemency adorns the brave—That I may do good—That I may do good to others—Do all good*. And last, though not least, as a sentiment on the blazon of the warrior who fights for peace, a direct condemnation of war, in the motto, "*Bella horrida bella*" (wars, horrid wars).

In the continued struggle against power which the history of both ends of our island records, it would be strange if on armorial bearings there were no expressions of the love of liberty—that fruit of a fine combination of Self-Esteem, Conscientiousness, Benevolence, and Firmness. We have, accordingly, such mottoes as, *Libertas—Liberty entire—Country dear, Liberty dearer—I have lived free and will die free*.

The motto which indicate the reflecting powers, as maxims of wisdom, were rare in rude times, unless we take those for such as express the higher sentiments, as, *Virtus the sole nobility, &c.* We have, however, lighted upon one which is purely intellectual, and we quote it, because it happens to be eminently phenological. *Nihil invita Minerva*—It is vain to expect excellence without the genius from which it springs.

It would greatly increase the interest of this com-

munication, were it permitted us to compare the actual history of distinguished families with their armorial legends. But although public history is public property, family history is not, and we are therefore denied that advantage, and must be content with recommending to the reader to apply the knowledge of such private families as he possesses to the very harmless end of making the comparison between it and the family arms, for himself. We do not entertain a doubt that in every instance they will be found strikingly coincident.—*Phrenological Journal*.

#### ODE TO ENTERPRISE.

[We find this scarce ode in a very tasteful collection entitled *The Beauties of Modern British Poetry*, by David Grant, Aberdeen, 1831, the peculiar feature of which is the arrangement of the pieces under subjects, by which means it is possible to find the best thoughts of various poets respecting all the principal themes of verse.]

On lofty mountains roaming,  
O'er bleak perennial snow,  
Where cataracts are foaming,  
And raging north-winds blow:  
Where hungry wolves are prowling,  
And famished eagles cry;  
Where tempests loud are howling,  
And lowering vapours fly:  
There, at the peep of morning,  
Bedecked with dewy tears,  
Wild weeds her brows adorning,  
Lo! Enterprise appears:  
While keen-eyed Expectation  
Still points to objects new,  
See panting Emulation,  
Her fleeting steps pursue!  
List, list, Celestial Virgin!  
And oh the vow record!  
From grovelling cares emerging,  
I pledge this solemn word:—  
By deserts, fields, or fountains,  
While health, while life remains,  
O'er Lapland's icy mountains,  
Or, 'midst the darksome wonders  
Which Earth's vast caves conceal,  
Where subterraneous thunders  
The miner's path reveal;  
Where, bright in matchless lustre,  
The lustral flowers unfold,  
And 'midst the beauteous cluster,  
Beams efflorescent gold;  
In every varied station,  
Whate'er my fate may be,  
My hope, my exultation  
Is still to follow thee.  
When age with sickness blended,  
Shall check the gay career,  
And death, though long suspended,  
Begins to hover near;  
Then oft in visions fleeting,  
May thy fair form be nigh,  
And still thy votary greeting,  
Receiving his parting sigh;  
And tell a joyful story,  
Of some new world to come,  
Where kindred souls in glory,  
May call the wanderer home!

DR E. D. CLARKE.

\* Crystals, the blossoms of the mineral world; disclosing the nature and properties of stones, as those of vegetables are made known by their flowers.

#### TORTONIA THE BANKER.

A striking instance of the elevation of a person from humble to exalted circumstances, is found in the life of Tortonia, a celebrated banker at Rome, whose father was nothing more than a valet de place, that is, one who showed about strangers for hire. Tortonia, who was an active intelligent young man, at first entered into business in a small way as a jeweller. In course of time he became a sort of banker; and an unexpected circumstance brought him in contact with Cardinal Chiaramonti. On the death of Pope Pius VI, a conclave was to be held at Venice for the election of a new Pope. Chiaramonti had expectations of being elected to the vacant office, but he was unable to attend the conclave for want of money. In this emergency he was supplied with a few hundred crowns by Tortonia. The cardinal now repaired to Venice, where, in the church of St George, he was elected Pope, under the title of Pius VII. In gratitude for this act of service, the sovereign pontiff, on his return to Rome, appointed Tortonia banker to the court. He was created a marquis, and afterwards a duke, and is now perhaps one of the richest capitalists in Europe.

#### KING GEORGE I.

A German nobleman was one day congratulating this monarch on his being sovereign of this kingdom and of Hanover. "Rather," said he, "congratulate me on having such a subject in one, as Newton; and such a subject in the other, as Leibnitz."

EDINBURGH: Published, weekly, by W. and R. Chambers, 19, Waterloo Place; Orr & Smith, Paternoster-row, London; and George Young, Dublin.—Agent in Glasgow, John Macleod, 20, Argyle Street; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland.

• Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter or twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half-year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

From the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.